Through all the kingdomes that acknowledge Chriſt,
Thrice hath the *Hotſpur Mars* in ſwathing clothes,
This infant warriour, in his enterpriſes,
Diſcomfited great *Dowglas*, tane him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And ſhake the peace and ſafety of our throne.
And what ſay you to this? *Percy Northumberland*,
The Archbiſhops Grace of Yorke, *Dowglas*, *Mortimer*,
Capitulate againſt vs, and are vp.
But, wherefore do I tell theſe newes to thee?
Why, *Harry* do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neer'ſt and deereſt enemy?
That thou art like enough through vaſſall feare,
Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpleene,
To fight againſt me vnder *Percyes* pay,
To dog his heeles, and curtſie at his frownes,
To ſhew how much thou art degenerate.
Prin. Doe not thinke ſo, you ſhall not finde it ſo,
And God forgiue them, that ſo much haue ſwayde
Your Maieſties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on *Percyes* head;
And in the cloſing of ſome glorious day
Be bould to tell you that I am your ſonne,
When I will weare a garment all of bloud,
And ſtaine my fauours in a bloudy maske,
Which waſht away, ſhall ſcoure my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the day, when ere it lights
That this ſame child of honour and renowne,
This gallant *Hotſpur*, this all-prayſed knight,
And your vnthought of *Harry* chance to meet,
For euery honor ſitting on his helme,
Would they were multitudes, and one my head,
My ſhame redoubled. For the time will come
That I ſhall make this Northerne youth exchange
His glorious deedes for my indignities,
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord
To engroſſe my glorious deeds on my behalfe,

And I will call him to ſo ſtrict account,
That he ſhall render euery glory vp,
Yea, euen the ſlighteſt worſhip of his time,
Or I will teare the reckoning from his heart.
This in the name of God I promiſe here,
The which if he be pleaſ'd I ſhall performe
I do beſeech your Maieſtie may ſalue,
The long growne woundes of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will die an hundred thouſands deaths,
Ere breake the ſmalleſt parcell of this vow.
King. A hundred thouſand rebels die in this,
Thou ſhalt haue charge, and ſoueraine truſt herein.
How now good *Blunt?* thy lookes are full of ſpeed.

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. So hath the buſines that I come to ſpeake o
Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath ſent ward,
That *Dowglas* and the *Engliſh* rebels met,
The eleuenth of this moneth, at *Shrewsburie:*
A mighty and a fearefull head they are,
(If promiſes be kept on euery hand)
As euer offered foule play in a ſtate.
King. The Earle of *Weſtmerland* ſet fourth to day,
With him my ſoone Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*,
For this aduertiſement is fiue dayes old,
On wedneſday next *Harry* thou ſhalt ſet forward:
On Thurſday, we our ſelues will march. Our meetin
Is *Bridgenorth*, and *Harry* you ſhall march
Throug *Gloceſter-ſhire*, by which account
Our buſines valued ſome twelue dayes hence
Our generall forces at *Bridgenorth* ſhall meete.
Our hands are full of buſines, let's away,
Aduantage feedes him fat, while men delay.

Enter Falſtalffe and Bardoll.

Fal. Bardoll, am I not fallen away vilely ſince this la
doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? why my skin ha
me like an old Laeies looſe gowne. I am withered li
apple Iohn. Well, ile repent, and that ſodainely, wh